

To rest in such things as these for salvation is a delusion of Satan. Such pleas are *law*, not *Gospel*, and are devices to divert you from the only true way. This trust in works is unbelief in the work of Christ.

There are four things which it often takes a soul years to learn :

(1) You cannot atone for your own sins, or do anything towards your own salvation.

(2) God does not require you to do anything.

(3) Jesus Christ has "done it all" Himself.

(4) You cannot add anything to the blood of Christ.

In fact, there is nothing left for you to do.

On the cross the Lord Jesus said, "It is finished."

Look to Him and be saved; and then work, not for salvation, but *from* salvation.

"I would not work my soul to save,

For that my Lord has done;

But I would work like any slave

For love of God's dear Son!"

—*Cheyne Brady, in Good News.*

#### THE DAY'S RECKONING.

During a visit to Stockholm some years ago, I was much struck by one of the regulations at the large hotel where I stayed. Each night the visitor, when he retires to his bedroom, finds inside the door, hanging on a nail, a piece of paper or cardboard with the various items of expense through the day. The price of his chamber, it may be—breakfast, dinner, or other meals, and whatever else may be put down to his account—all is clearly stated, so that there may be no mistake when the bill is finally settled. It seemed to me a novel plan, and not at all a bad one. Possibly, now and then, a visitor might not be aware of the large expenditure he was incurring, and so might reduce it in time before the season for payment arrived.

But there may be an excellent lesson learned from this custom which may be useful for all. Let us think of the debt which, day by day, men incur by their sins and shortcomings. As we retire to rest, it were well for each one quietly to ponder the doings of the day. What have I done since I left my room this morning? What duties have I fulfilled, and what have I neglected? What temptations have crossed my path, and how have I resisted them? What words have I this day spoken? Have they been words of truth, of kindness, or have they been tainted by

malice, deceit, or any other evil? What has been my temper in my home or elsewhere? Has it been kept in check by the thought of God's presence? What have been my thoughts, my motives, my principles of action? Let the Christian thus consider his ways. Let him confess humbly the faults and failures of which conscience condemns him. Let him bring them all to the open fountain of Christ's blood. And let him pray that the Lord would search and prove his heart, that He would sanctify him wholly by His Spirit, and keep him henceforth more watchful as to his course of life.

But there is a solemn lesson for the unsaved. It may be you never think of your sins, or care to seek pardon through Christ. The whole debt of a lifetime lies at your door. Oh, think of it! Who shall count the wrong thoughts and words and actions of a single day? Then remember the days and weeks and years you have lived, and that each one bears its witness against you. Remember also that one single sin merits death and condemnation; for "The wages of sin is death."

"Whoso shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all."

Will you not think of your present condition in God's sight? Will you not acknowledge your sin and come humbly to the Saviour? How shall you stand before the great white throne, when the books will be opened, and the quick and dead be judged for all their sins?

Therefore, let the great matter of salvation be settled now, before it is too late. Seek pardon through the finished work of Christ:

Return and come to God,

Cast all your sins away;

Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood,

Repent, believe, obey.

—*Church Guardian.*

#### FORGIVENESS.

BISHOP RIDLEY, of Caledonia, has sent home this story: Two years ago one of the Indian churchwardens at Metlakahla gave great offence to one of his neighbors. From that time until last December the two men had not spoken to each other. Last Christmas day, however, the man who thought himself wronged gave his hand to the other, and wished him a happy Christmas. The churchwarden, in delight, came to Bishop Ridley to tell the good news, and added that it must have been his words that brought it about. But it was not through the bishop that God had sent the message of peace, but

through a little Indian child. The young daughter of the man who had been wronged lay very ill, and wished to see Mrs. Ridley, to whose Sunday-school class she belonged. The bishop goes on to say: "When I called I was surprised to see how ill she was, and thought she would die. Her father was unremitting in his tender attention, and could not help sobbing when he read my thoughts, as he clearly did. She was the peace-maker. . . . This child's Sunday custom was to read from the translated gospels the lessons for the day, and then explain to her father and mother what her teacher had taught the class. Last Tuesday she stood in her class at the annual examination and took a prize. I then noticed her pale lips. She grew rapidly worse, but before her little strength was quite exhausted she put her arms round her father's neck, and said, 'Darling father, hear me about the little child Jesus.' Then she repeated the angels' song, 'Glory to God in the highest,' and finished up by saying, 'We must be happy at Christmas, because of heaven, not of earth. The little Jesus brought down peace. Now, father, listen to the little child of God, and try to love every one and hate nobody. Will you, darling father?'

"'Dum watu' was the tearful promise: 'I will, my darling.'

"At the midnight service, when we watched in prayer for the New Year, I asked the congregation, at the father's request, to remember his sick child. After the midnight service, Miss Dickinson flew off to the dying bed, but the gentle peace-maker, having ended her sweet work, had entered into eternal rest. Her sermon was better than mine, and worthy of attention by all."—*Selected.*

#### FAITH IS BETTER.

"I am very anxious about my class," sighed an earnest teacher. She went to them with the burden of anxiety upon her soul, and sighed at the close again, "They are utterly careless!"

How much better to leave the burden where it belongs! Pray for your pupils; work for their salvation; love them; but do not worry about them.

Faith is always better than anxious care. Faith has wings. It can soar away from sights and sounds terrestrial. And it is practical soaring, too, for it is the very "substance of things not seen."

Lay down your anxiety, earnest teacher, and take faith!—*Sunday-school Journal.*